



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Visiter and Advertiser.

A Sketch.

'It is useless talking, mother; I am no longer the innocent boy that used to kneel before you, and offer up the homage of a pure child's heart to the Deity. Oh no! Would to God I could be a child again!' and ALBERT VON GLENN covered his face with his hands to hide the deep emotion that shook his frame, and crimsoned his brow.

'And what have you done, my son, that you should deprecate the possession of manhood and all its privileges—all its powers?' inquired Mrs. Von Glenn, as she sunk in a chair beside her son, and her lip quivered, and her eye dilated and filled with tears of sympathy, at seeing her usually calm, dispassionate son, thus shaken by some unwonted feeling of remorse, or mental anguish.

But men indulge not long in gusts of passion, and in a few minutes Albert withdrew his hands from features now as calm, and pale, and immovable as the chiseled marble, and pressing his mother's hand that rested on his arm, replied—'It would pain me mother, and not benefit you, to hear a tale that concerns another too deeply even to pass my lips. Suffice it that I am not happy, oh no! not happy'—and a wild smile of scorn curled for an instant the proud, cold tranquillity of his features, and he rapidly walked up and down the narrow apartment; then suddenly stopping, he said quickly—'you see, mother, I am not happy just now, but I will be soon—don't distress yourself about me. my uneasiness is caused by circumstances little foreseen, and perhaps unavoidable—but rest contented in knowing that neither my honor nor the respect of the world is compromised in this affair, but simply an affair wholly private, with whom no one has any concern—not even you, dear mother—so ask me no more questions, if you do not wish very much to pain and annoy me.' And so saying young Von Glenn drew his hat over his brow and walked into the streets of the city.

It was gloomy, rainy November; the air was a liquid mist; the streets were liquid mud; the quadrupeds were dripping and miserable; the bipeds looked as bad;—in short, it was a sort of suicidal day that an Englishman would be proud to cut his throat in, or an American Editor of a newspaper, would have written earnest attacks on his neighbor.

Albert Von Glenn, closely buttoned, walked rapidly up a street crowded by the throng that a commercial city usually presents, until he came to a dilapidated building at its farther extremity, and there he suddenly halted, and casting a furtive glance, around, he quickly entered the broken and time-worn door, that closed the hall. Ascending the stairs, he passed on to an apartment at the back of the house, that opened into what had once been a balcony, but was now but a floor, unbannistered and unroofed. The back door of the passage had been battered down, and hung by only one hinge, while the moldering walls told of long exposure to the attacks of the elements. Through this doorway he walked out into the balcony and knocking gently at a door, was instantly admitted into a room, small, and showing evidences of decay, yet much more comfortable than could have been looked for in so miserable a place. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate—the clean hearth, carpeted floor, and closely curtained windows, gave a look of home and happiness to the apartment. At the farther end was a curtained bed, and a large easy chair by its side. A little table, containing a glass bottle of dark fluid, a cup and a china mug of toast and water was at the head of the bed, and nearer the fire stood a lady's work table, on which lay some plain sewing and its accompaniments, with which the girl had been employed who opened the door.

And she, the fair inhabitant, was just the realization of a poet's dream. Too fair—too fragile to be supposed capable of meeting and conquering the difficulties that rise at every step in the path of life, her eye had the tender confiding glance, her lip the sweet affectionate smile that tells so faithfully of woman's dependence on man. Von Glenn

advanced into the room, and sat down on the chair Clara had just quitted; with the ease of a domesticated friend; while the girl, shaking back the brown ringlets that fell over her temples, seated herself on the little stool at his feet, and looking up into his face said in accents just enough foreign to prove that she spoke an adopted language 'Oh! how glad I am you have come at last! Madame has slept since midnight profoundly—oh! too profoundly, I fear;' and bursting into tears she covered her face with her apron.

Von Glenn arose, and stepping softly to the bed, drew back the curtain that effectually excluded the light from the slumbering occupant of the bed. A woman, still eminently beautiful, but past the meridian of life, slept with that deep unbroken repose upon her features, that so revoltingly typifies the last long dreamless sleep of death. He placed his fingers upon the pulse of the arm thrown back upon the pillow, and as he did so, the woman opened her eyes and essayed to raise her head, but the influence of the drug she had taken was too strong, and she sunk back and slept.

'Oh! this is very terrible,' whispered Clara, who had crept to the bedside, 'think you she will ever waken!'

'I am sure I do not know,' answered Albert, 'I am afraid not.'

At that moment a slight spasm passed over the features of the woman; the strange cold smile of death settled on her lips, her eyes glared wildly for an instant, then closed, and she was dead.

There is something frightfully appalling in death to the young and unreflecting. Its rigid quiet, its insensibility, the grave, the worm, the long dark dreamless slumber, rush on the imagination, and ere faith points to the glorious abode of the spirit beyond the tomb, the revolting spectacle before us has filled us with horror.

Albert unused to scenes of the sort described, shrunk back for a moment, but the next he rallied, and feeling that all life was extinct, drew the curtains around the bed, and leading the poor girl to a chair, tried, by

every argument he could use, to lessen the hysterical sobs that seemed to threaten her with suffocation. Finding all his efforts to calm her unavailing, he rose to leave the room for the purpose of calling an undertaker to send the proper persons to render the last rites to the deceased. With a strong effort Clara rose, she grasped the arm of Albert with a strength of which she was evidently unconscious, while she gazed wildly in his eyes, as she vainly essayed to speak.

'I must, go, Clara, to bring the proper people to bury your mother. You cannot wish me to delay having the necessary attentions rendered to her now—even though you so mysteriously refused all medical aid. She must be interred.'

Clara's lips were bloodless as her fair brow, and but that a strange expression drew them a little apart, she too might have been taken for a corpse, as, clasping her hands firmly over her heart and closing her eyes, she seemed stilling some acute internal pang that rent her very soul.

'No! Mr. Von Glenn—no stranger must touch her,' pointing to the bed, 'no stranger must see her even. If I so sedulously guarded her from curiosity while it might have benefitted her, think you now, that I will suffer her cold remains to be gazed on by strangers?'

'But Clara, my sweet friend, there is no other way to give the rites of decent sepulture to your parent.'

'Listen! She who died on that bed, in your cold country, among strangers, is not my mother. Oh no! not a drop of her blood fills my veins; but a stronger tie than blood recognizes, bound me to her, still binds me, and there is but one way in which you can now show me kindness. At midnight, when the city is silent bring hither two stout men and a coffin—or stay, your countrymen are easily excited by curiosity, and you might be watched when I would escape observation.—At dusk, I will go alone, and those may be found who will do any drudgery for gold.'

A firm decided air of resolution had succeeded the feminine, nay childish manner of her first address; and Albert gazed in increased wonder upon the beautiful being who, animated by the strong resolves her mind had formed, stood before him transformed into a different creature from the Clara who for weeks had filled all his thoughts.

'You would not, Clara, you could not undertake any thing so dangerous?'

'Could not?' A strange smile flitted over her face a moment. 'Albert Von Glenn, I have toyed with danger in foreign camps, in the march, in the desolate cliffs of the Switzer, in the savannah of the Indian, in the plague infected town, in the lonely hamlet, and lastly, in the crowded American seaport;

and deadlier than all I have encountered would be the risk of bringing strangers here, at this hour, to bear away the sharer, and alas! the source of all those dangers. No, no, rather would I drag her unconfined to the river, and plunge her amid its turbid waves, than that a stranger should compose her limbs for burial. I am composed now—you may leave me fearlessly, and deep, deep is the gratitude written here,' and as she spoke, she placed her hand upon her heart, 'for all the kindness you have shown me, and not the least tenderly appreciated is the remembrance that in all our intercourse, you have never breathed one word to a desolate girl, that the most delicate of her sex might not hear without a blush.'

As Clara concluded, a deep suffusion covered for a moment her whole face, but the next, it passed away like the reflection of a sunset cloud, and she stood calm and collected before Von Glenn.

'I must not leave you alone, Clara; if you will not permit another, suffer me at least to share your solitude.'

'Delicacy to her, would forbid that,' she hastily remarked. 'No, I am strong now, leave me alone, and do not return until the morning.'

With a feeling of awe, reluctance, and embarrassment beyond any he had ever felt, Albert Von Glenn closed the door upon the alike mysterious living and dead, and with rapid steps retraced his way homewards unobserved by the busy throng, who little dreamed of the scene in which he had been an actor.

The moment he had breakfasted on the following morning, he took his hat and proceeded to the supposed uninhabited building. With noiseless steps he proceeded to the balcony and knocked at the door of the chamber. No answer was returned, and supposing Clara had sought repose after a night of which his blood ran cold to think, he walked down stairs and through the back lot to the suburbs of the city, designing to walk for an hour or two to while away the time that seemed so interminable. At the back door stood a pick axe and spade; but supposing they might have been left by some laborer, he walked on until his eye accidentally fell on the newly dug earth, and he became but too conscious that there the grave had closed over the only visible friend of the now desolate Clara. Turning hastily back, he ascended the stairs and knocked gently, then louder, and finally becoming alarmed, he called Clara. No answer came however, and the pattering rain that fell upon his shoulders, was scarcely colder than the current that ran shivering back to his heart, as the thought struck him that she was gone. Placing his foot against the door, the rusty hinges gave way, and he

stood in the middle of the empty apartment; the ashes were cold in the grate, the bed and furniture were gone, and not a line, not a word, or token, betrayed where.

Years had gone by, when an American, traveler of high official rank was standing beneath the portico of one of those palaces at Florence that are still inhabited by the native noblesse. It seemed that he had wearied of the music, and lights, and gaiety that held, alike spell-bound, the volatile Frenchman and the gay Italian. The moon slept on the Arno, and silvered the costly palaces and marble pillars that lined its bank. Was it the deep blue sky—the queenly moon—the rippling waves—or the soft night breeze that swept the raven curls from the pale brow of the stranger, that evoked the sigh that seemed to wake its echo so near, that he started and turned. But no one was near, and as he leaned against the pillar, around which the roses of the season were twined in graceful festoons, his thoughts were wandering to the far off shores of his native home, and a long train of deep buried memories were rising like ghosts to flit before his fancy.

That night, a lonely French woman had danced with him but not for the first time; oh no! again and again, since he resided in Florence, had the beautiful and noble Baroness DE LANCI honored him with her hand, but it ever occurred that the moment the dance was over, some other engagement withdrew the lovely, yet pensive Frenchwoman from his side—and he had ever been prevented by some untoward occurrence from cultivating an acquaintance, that promised to yield him more pleasure than he usually derived from those formed with her sex. She was the very impersonation of feminine loveliness; and to these attractions were added not only the grace and ease of her countrywomen, but a dignity of manner and a highly refined and cultivated taste, that taught her to appreciate, with unaffected enthusiasm, the works of art by which she was surrounded. Excelling in music even the musical Florentines, her concerts were at once the most delightful, and the most select in Florence. At one of these, the American had just gazed into the depths of eyes that reminded him of some boyish dream of watching seraphs. He could not shake off the impression, and he who had never owned himself the lover of any woman, began to feel his pulses quicken beneath her glance. 'Tis true, a strange dreamy feeling of some old undying lay, that had charmed his boyhood—some music-tone that had thrilled his nerves—some glance caught from eyes long, long ago loved and lost, ever haunted his imagination with a spell-like power, and helped to deepen the impression made by the grace and loveliness

of the Baroness De Lanci. He had, with his usual fatality of disappointment, been separated from her just at the moment that he hoped to engross her attention, and listlessly gazing on the less attractive beauties of the circle, he had wandered out in the cool night air, to ponder upon many engrossing themes that were pressing on his mind. But the beauty of the landscape as it lay beneath the softened light of the full summer moon, was too charming not to exert the influence that nature ever asserts over the cultivated intellect; and he gazed upon the ripples of the silver waves, even while home and its own beautiful scenery was crossing his memory.

Strange that early associations will sometimes rise, and dash with the bitterness of regret, the cup of present enjoyment from our lip. For a moment the shade of the young, fragile, beautiful Clara, swept over the memory of the cold calculating man, and a feeling of bitter remorse at his desertion of the helpless girl, even at her own command, awoke to sweep from before it all pleasure that palaces could yield to the disappointed man.

'She' he exclaimed aloud, as he folded his arms across his bosom and leaned his forehead against the marble pillar, 'she I loved—and this one—they are strangely alike in their influence over me, and how unlike! oh! Clara, could I find you in the humblest cot, not all the mockery of a hollow world would cheat me into leaving you again.'

A sigh, deep and broken, again caught his ear, and looking up, the flowing drapery of a woman was almost touching him, and her bust was concealed behind a statue that was placed within the portico. Advancing from the shadow of the pillar, he approached his fair companion, vexed at being forced to pay civilities to some woman of gallantry, he assumed as careless a tone as practicable, while he uttered some of those silly nothings that men repeat mechanically to woman, when a low sob from the lady surprised him into a closer view than he had at first taken, and he found himself alone beside the weeping Baroness.

Embarrassed beyond measure, he scarcely felt at liberty to say to the dignified woman, what to one he less revered, he could so easily have uttered; but there was a deep sympathy that spoke in every accent, as taking the white hand of the weeping woman, he begged to know if there was aught he might do to alleviate her sorrow.

'Nothing.'

'Will you not then allow me to call your carriage and convey you home! surely you can no longer enjoy the brilliant scene that yields enjoyment to so many, since you thus seek the silent moonlight to indulge in tears.'

'And did stars never yield you a pleasure beyond all that smiles ere gave?' inquired the Baroness raising her eyes to his.

'Lady, allow me to confess that I know nothing of the passion, and less of its language, that you so universally inspire in our sex. In my country, the language of gallantry is cold compared to yours, and though our hearts are warm and susceptible to love, yet we learn rarely to give expression to its emotions, and some wholly escape its influence.'

'And is Albert Von Glenn one of those?' she inquired.

Starting at hearing his name so familiarly called by one so lately a stranger, he turned to gaze upon the face now turned to his. Could it be? Could the full rounded woman—glowing with health and beauty—be the pale girlish Clara?—yet those eyes!—

'Clara!' he exclaimed.

They were in Florence, and she was a woman, *loving and beloved*.

It was an hour too early for casual visitors, but Von Glenn was seated in the *boudoir* of the Baroness De Lanci, to listen to the narrative of those strange events that gave her infancy and childhood to the camp, and the garrison, and her girlhood to exile. The sunbeams were sparkling amid the dewy flowers that exhaled their fragrance to the morning air, and scarcely less pure, scarcely less sweet, was the lovely Eve, who was bending to tie up each drooping plant, than Milton describes the first mother of mankind. Loaded with the fragrant and dewy spoils of the garden, to fill the vases that form so beautiful a part of the ornaments of a foreign lady's *boudoir*, Clara came to meet her now adoring lover, and to recount to him those strange occurrences of which he was as yet ignorant.

The child of a distinguished Frenchman of the old *regime*, she remembered not the horrid butchery that gave her mother and herself, of all their numerous race, into the hands of a compassionate domestic, who by secreting them in his cottage until the popular fury of the mob of *sansculottes* that burned to the ground the stately chateau, and murdered the nobleman and his sons in cold blood, was directed to some other quarter, and he was allowed an opportunity of rescuing them from certain destruction by carrying them to the royal camp. After the lapse of some months the Baroness married, for protection for herself and the little Clara, but at the period of which we are writing, France was but a vast slaughter house, and her children were at the mercy of those who recognize no law, human nor divine. The Baroness was denounced, seized, and but for a camp woman, or sutler, would have been condemned to look on the murder of her child, previous to her own execution. With this poor woman,

the little Clara wandered, until finally the army was ordered to Egypt, and thither she went with her protectress. Upon her return, an English gentleman, struck with her childish beauty, bought her of the sutler, and placing her on board of a vessel at Leghorn, in which were embarked his family, sailed for India.—There, for several years, lived Clara in the bosom of a worthy and highly cultivated family; but the diseases that prove so fatal in the east swept nearly the whole of Col. Wharton's family, leaving only Clara and the governess—a beautiful French woman, who had art enough to conceal from her patroness, during her life, the infidelity of her principles and the licentiousness of her morals, but who now that the restraint was removed, unfortunately succeeded in winning Col. Wharton's regard.

Clara beheld with horror the fascination that the temptress exercised in causing the death of her amiable and pious benefactress to be so soon forgotten; but India is a bad climate for the growth of morality, and she looked in vain to the several families she knew, for refuge and protection. In each, some strong objection existed to her becoming an inmate, and finally the beautiful governess so far gained an influence over Wharton, that he married her. From having lived with this woman from childhood, she had gained a powerful influence over Clara; but yet virtue and piety had been early sown in her heart, and it proved a propitious soil. Not all the allurements of fashionable vice, had ever the slightest tendency to draw her within the dangerous vortex where youth and innocence are so often engulfed, by fashion and folly. Educated in the fantastic, yet beautiful and imposing forms of the Catholic church, she found vent for the early aspirations of the heart in the poetry of devotion; and never had a feeling of earthly love filled her young heart for one out of the contracted circle of her home, when Col. Wharton received orders to return to England. But he who unblushingly married a stranger of dubious character in so few months after his wife's death, shrunk from presenting her to his family as his wife; and she, irritated to madness, reproaching in such terms that a separation ensued, and Wharton left her and returned alone.

Clara, unknowing the conventional usages of the world, felt bound not to forsake her who had nourished her youth, and who she felt had been basely injured. She therefore remained, and nursed her through the dangerous fever that succeeded her desertion.—But the moment that Madame recovered sufficiently to undertake the voyage, she followed her faithless husband. The events that succeeded would take too long to narrate; suffice it that led by the most dreadful of all

the passions that can stimulate the nerves of woman, she found him the early accepted lover of a lady of rank. Blinded by jealous rage, she followed him to the door of his mistress, and claimed his allegiance; he spurned her from him, and she stabbed him to the heart. At the moment the fatal act occurred, Clara, frightened at her long absence, had followed her and she only arrived in time to hurry her away before she could be seen.

From that hour, a stupor seemed to have taken possession of Madame's faculties. Clara, thus called on for firmness and exertion, showed with what devoted fidelity a woman will exercise every energy for the preservation of one endeared to her either by habit or association, as well as that dearer tie of love.

After hiding her poor friend in various shelters, she procured a passage to America; but upon entering the ship that was to convey them, previous to having her friend and baggage brought on board, she found police officers stationed there, ready to arrest Madame the moment she arrived.

With the ready tact misfortune had taught her, she mixed with a boat's crew of deck passengers who were going ashore, and applying directly to the master of a Dutch packet, she was taken on board with her friend, and ere the British ship had left the channel, she was landed on the coast of Flanders. Madame had secured a large amount of jewels, and thus they were enabled to travel into Switzerland and purchase a cottage.

But scarcely had the creative taste of Clara formed a little paradise of the surrounding grounds about the cot, when a traveling gentleman's servant recognized Madame; and almost by a miracle, they escaped being taken into custody by the public authorities. Disguised and on foot, they reached a seaport and once more embarked on the ocean for the United States.

Landed in New-York, Clara, with the sanguine hope of youth, trusted that all danger was over, and took lodgings in a boarding house; but there new trials awaited her. New-York she found little less secure than London; and the narrow escapes would fill a volume which she forced her unfortunate friend to make; for harrassed with the most poignant remorse, and overwhelmed with despair, she had resorted to laudanum for oblivion. In vain Clara held before her faded eye, the emblem of a religion she had scoffed at; in vain she tried to turn the gnawings of remorse to account, by awakening penitence; the infidel woman; the mad murderess, could not pray—could not repent! and day by day the devoted, misled, but sincere Clara, wept and prayed for her whose tears were dried forever.

She had found a Catholic priest, and to his care she owed the last sad shelter in which her friend breathed her last unconscious sigh.

While hid in the ruinous house we have described in the early part of our story, Clara had been forced to go out in the dusk of evening to make some necessary purchases. One of those prowling fiends who infest cities, had watched her, and attempted to force her to go in a contrary direction to that she wished. At that moment, Albert Von Glenn came up and rescued her from the wretch. With the confiding candor of youth, she permitted him to go so near home as to render her retreat unknown. They frequently met and walked, until the illness of the French woman so entirely confined Clara, that she was glad to permit Albert to share her daily watch, but from her long night vigils, he was scrupulously excluded.

Clara would long since have confided in the honor of Von Glenn, and deeply painful to her ingenuous nature was this reserve; but her spiritual father enjoined it on her to conceal every circumstance from his knowledge, and to exclude him from her presence. The first was hard enough—the last impossible; for soon Clara learned that life itself was almost as easy resigned, as the society of the first fondly loved one.

But upon the death of the cause of all this wandering to the poor girl, she had applied to the priest; and as soon as the interment of the woman took place, he had removed Clara to the protection of a religious order.

Almost immediately came news of the restoration in France, and Clara was restored to the honors of her race. An empty title was, however, the only part she ever received; and the *rupees* of the Frenchwoman permitted her to sustain her rank in Florence, whither she had purposely gone upon hearing that Von Glenn was spending the winter there.

'And how, dearest, will you like to resign the homage of France, the splendor of Italy, for our republican city of New-York?'

'Will you not be there?'

It was a woman's answer, and Von Glenn felt he formed her world. P. W. B.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the Boston Atlas.

Girard College.

Philadelphia, Oct. 22, 1836.

A FEW days ago, invited by the calmness of the air and the brilliant sunshine, I strolled several miles beyond the limits of the city. I took the Ridge road, which leads to the Girard College and the Laurel Hill Cemetery. The former is three miles from the Merchant's Exchange, in Dock street. It is situated in Penn Township, on a tract of land

containing forty five acres, purchased by Mr. Girard a short time before his death for the purposes of the College.

Two large marble structures designed for the reception of pupils and the use of the professors, are already completed, or so nearly so that they could be made ready for occupancy in two or three weeks. The main central building, the corner stone of which was laid five years ago last 4th of July, is now nearly ready for the reception of its roof. Several of the columns are up, and have received their capitals, and two are finished, having been fluted from the base to the capital. This building is 160 feet front by 217 on the flank including the porticoes. It is to be surrounded by a colonade consisting of thirty four columns of white marble, of the Corinthian order, six feet in diameter at the base, and fifty four feet six inches high, including capitals and bases. The ascent to the portico is by twelve white marble steps, surrounding the entire building, and the pavement between the walls and the columns is fifteen feet wide. Each story is separated into four apartments, 50 feet square in the clear. The vestibules are each 26 feet by 48, and are to have winding marble stairs. The whole height of the structure is ninety seven feet. These are the architectural statistics of the Girard College; but no statistics, and no descriptions can convey an adequate idea of the magnificence and noble effect of the entire edifice. The richness and purity of the material, the vastness and harmony of the proportions, the majestic colonade, rivaling that of the temple of Jupiter on the banks of the Ilissus, and the massive solidity of the workmanship, apparently bidding defiance to every thing but an actual convulsion of Nature, fill the mind with a sentiment approaching to awe. When it shall have received the finishing touch, and the last scaffolding being removed, shall be revealed in full proportion to our gaze, it will be an object equally gratifying to the eye of taste and the heart of philanthropy. And what bosom will not then, in beholding its fair proportions and massy magnificence, breathe anew the prayer so beautifully conceived and so eloquently expressed by the President of the Board of Trustees (N. Biddle, Esq.) on the occasion of laying the corner-stone: 'Long may the structure stand, in its majestic simplicity, the pride and admiration of our latest posterity; long may it continue to yield its annual harvests of educated and moral citizens, to adorn and defend our country. Long may each successive age enjoy its still increased benefits, when time shall have filled its halls with the memory of the mighty dead who have been reared within them, and shed over its outward beauty the mellowing hues of a thousand years of renown.'

Mr. Girard, himself, has marked out a liberal course of study; he has allowed ample time—twelve years—for the mastery of all the sciences embraced in it; and he has expressly enjoined upon all the teachers in the College to inculcate upon the pupils the 'purest principles of morality.' These things together with the high character of the gentlemen composing the Board of Trustees, and of the President of the College, ought surely to be held a sufficient guaranty that the splendid bequest of Mr. Girard will be for the blessing and not the cursing of our country. And if this be so, what imagination shall affix limits to the amount of benefits destined to spring, through the long succession of ages, from their source, to the destitute orphans of our country, and through them to the whole nation? Consider the vastness of the endowments. After the building shall have been completed,' says Mr. Biddle, 'there will remain the annual income from \$2,000,000, now yielding one hundred and two thousand dollars, and if these funds should be inadequate for all the orphans applying for admission, the income of nearly all the remainder of the estate is appropriated to the erection of as many new buildings as his square in the city would have contained. So that in general, it may be stated, with reasonable confidence that when all the buildings are ready for the reception of the pupils there will be available for the maintenance of the institution, an income of not less than \$100,000, which may be increased to at least \$220,000.'

No one who visits the College should fail of ascending to the top. This is 123 feet above the reservoir on Fair Mount, and affords the most extensive, variegated, and beautiful prospect to be enjoyed any where in the neighborhood of Philadelphia; embracing the city with its districts, the windings of the Delaware and Schuylkill, and a vast extent of country, sprinkled with numerous villages and country seats, and diversified by hill and dale, woodland, lawn, and cultivated fields.

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York American.

The Christmas Present.

[Translated from the German.]

WHEN, some years since, I paid one of my usual visits to the late venerated Professor G——, I found his lovely and highly accomplished daughter at her work table, on which, among other things, I noticed a book, apparently new, and very neatly bound.

Induced by curiosity, I advanced to take it up, but my lady anticipated my design. My countenance no doubt, expressed some surprise, for I noticed that she blushed at the suspicion which she had created, and, in her

own justification, she handed me the book with permission to read the title-page. It proved to have been originally a blank-book, and the title page in the hand-writing of her father. In addition to the permission of reading, I obtained that of copying it. Here it is:

'Insignificant as may appear to you a present of some blank sheets, and at a season, too, when even parsimony and poverty become generous, perhaps few have been given with a kinder heart, and perhaps not any which may become more useful to the receiver, than you have it in your power to render this to yourself. I have often mentioned to you in conversation, that we are richly compensated for the trouble of noting down our thoughts and reflections on any given subject, by the system, order and clearness which our thoughts thereby acquire.

'It seldom happens that so great a result may be obtained from such a trifling cause, yet such is the case in this instance. Before men, by gradual improvement, had acquired the talent of communicating to each other their thoughts by speech, they received in exactly the same degree as they do now, all the impressions of the senses; they could see, hear &c. &c. but could not think or reflect. Speech and the art of writing, have by degrees produced the present state of mental perfection. By endeavoring to communicate our ideas, they become more clear to ourselves: by writing them down, they acquire a permanency which makes them capable of correction and improvement.

'This method, which the whole human race has pursued towards the gradual improvement of the mind, is still the only one which individuals can pursue towards the attainment of the same object.

'You, my daughter, have already advanced beyond the first steps of the Temple of Knowledge. You have had ample opportunity; either to hear or to read the result of the mature reflections and laborious researches of others on every subject which can interest you.

'Some centuries ago, a lady was considered highly accomplished if she could read and write. If, in our day, it is no longer thought praiseworthy if a lady can read, it is still so if she reads, not only to pass away a dull hour, or, for Fashion's sake, to be able to say that she has read such or such a book, but with an earnest desire to improve both her heart and her mind. I am fully convinced that you possess the full desire of doing the latter, and require but some advice and more practice. Our soul may be compared to a painter, who either copies from others or from Nature. In the first place, the ideas of our soul are derived from instruction or reading; in the second, from observation

and reflection. Even great painters must commence by copying the masterpieces of others, to practice their hand, their eye and their judgment, before they ever attempt to produce an original. Those of the second grade can only copy, without ever becoming sufficiently initiated in the art to produce a faultless original.

'When first beginning, we should consider the logical conclusions of others, and which they have drawn from a long series of experiences—for, after all, every thing must be reduced to experience—as our own, for before we are accustomed to reflect, we must habituate ourselves to think correctly after the best models. This, therefore, is the second step, and which you have commenced already, but you must persevere. From a reader, become a writer. Interrupt the pleasure which the gratification of curiosity affords to every reader. After reading any subject that interests you, divest the thought of its dress or ornament, reflect on what you have read; condense the thought which may have been elegantly expressed on several pages; endeavor to express the sense as elegantly as possible in a few lines, and enter those in your book. Those few lines, then, and the thoughts which they contain, will be your own.

'In this way, the substance of volumes may be reduced to as many pages, and as such, be more useful to yourself. Thus, by degrees, you will acquire the facility of expressing, in a clear and elegant manner, your thoughts on any given subject, either in writing or conversation.

'When the soul has once acquired the talent of reflecting and thinking correctly, it improves continually, and is amply rewarded by the gratification derived, as also by the pleasure which it communicates to others.

'Try it, then, my child, and you will succeed. Thought and reflection, by which both the heart and the mind are improved, afford such pure and unalloyed satisfaction, that, whoever has once tasted it, requires no further encouragement to persevere.'

From the Knickerbocker for July.

An Allegory.

BY GRACE SEFTON.

IN a beautiful valley, which had long since been reclaimed from the rude hand of Nature, and over which the art of man had spread the blessings of civilization, a noble mansion reared its walls. In the midst of a spacious plain it stood, and peace and plenty was there.

This goodly dwelling was inhabited by a dame called Virtue, who not only maintained order and discipline within its walls, but over the whole valley shed the influence of her wise laws and sober regulations. Virtue was

a comely matron and pleasant to look upon when she wore a smile upon her brow, and walked abroad through peaceful scenes, to the natural beauty of which her prudence had added an air of sweet security. The majesty of a queen sat upon her brow, and the purity of an angel: and there was at times something so winning in her tranquil smile, that an unfortunate wretch who had often looked on her from a distance with wistful eyes, ventured one evening to approach under shadow of twilight, and implore her protection.

The suppliant was one of those erring daughters of humanity for whom Vice, the great arch enemy of Virtue, had set his snares, and not in vain. Poor fool!—she had unwarily entered his enticing paths, and becoming sorely entangled, had made a desperate effort to retrace her steps; but unscathed did she escape; she had lost her fairest ornaments, and many a thorn had pierced her feet and rent her garments. Thus blemished and bent with shame, she appeared before Virtue, and humbly asked permission to tread the same road, and follow at a distance on her chaste footsteps.

Scarcely had this dejected form presented itself, when a sudden change came over the face of Virtue. As though the wintry wind had swept over her, stood chilled and rigid, and scarcely opening her lips motioned sternly with her raised arm to the sinner to depart. But not so was the child of error to be daunted. Still lingering near the sweet abode of Virtue, she haunted her steps, and hung upon her robe, and entreated beseechingly to be allowed once more to wind her way in silent obscurity through those paths of peace. Until, observing ever that she was repulsed with scorn, and abhorrence, she stepped aside, and fell once more in the snares of Vice, where fearful ills beset her, and evil fellowship corrupted. The blandishments of Pleasure and Wantonnes, these thoughtless satellites of Vice, gave transient relief from the anguish of remorse, and with companions like unto these she revelled a while, forgetful of the charms of innocence, and indignant at the frowns of Virtue; for a change had passed over her soul, from the moment she was cast off, degraded from her last interview with that prudent and dignified lady. They never met again, except by chance, when, sad and weary, this wretched wanderer made a last feeble effort to regain her footing within the out outskirts of Virtue's beautiful domain. Well might she struggle for a yawning abyss was near and many a fatal warning told her that her backward steps were sliding thitherward. But it was now too late to shake off the evil companions that dragged her downwards, and hindered her forevermore from passing unnoticed into

the humble path of duty. Wantonness idled near her, and Levity hung about her like a gaudy creeper round a sickly stem.

A crimson flush rested on the chaste brow of Virtue, and indignation sparkled in her eyes, when she accidentally encountered the hardened gaze and loose disordered air, of the unfortunate; and turning to her friends Modesty and Propriety, whose faces were as red as her own, she cried, in tones that sounded like knells of death in the ears of the guilty; 'Aid me, aid me, my maidens, in chasing this abandoned creature from our own pure unsullied walks!'

She had scarcely spoken, when her wish was accomplished, and Vice, seizing on his victim, hurled her into the abyss of infamy, where through scenes of unspeakable pollution, she trod her way to everlasting sorrow.

Where were those lovely sisters, the fair attendants on Virtue, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whose sweet voices might have counselled the stern dame to listen to the pleadings of Mercy, and stretch forth a redeeming hand to the erring one, before it was too late to save her from the dreadful doom of the wicked?—Faith was at church; Hope dwells too much on the future, to grant assistance in present difficulty; and as for Charity—she was at home.

From the Vollet for 1839.

The Cottage.

BY MISS L. S. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was a laboring man, who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark grey rock overhung it, and helped to keep it from the winds.

When the cottage was finished, he thought he would paint it grey, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the same shade of color, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer she picked up most of her own living very well. But in winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold.

So, he built a barn for her. It was so small, that it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable.

When it was done a neighbor came in, and said, 'what color will you paint your barn?'

'I had not thought about that,' said the cottager.

'Then I advise you, by all means, to paint it black; and here is a pot of black paint, which I have brought on purpose to give you.'

Soon, another neighbor, coming in, praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help

him a little about his building. 'White, is by far the most genteel color,' he added, 'and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present.'

While he was in doubt, which of the gifts to use, the eldest and wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and everybody loved him, for he was good as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story of the pots of paint, the old man said 'he who give you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint, is a partial friend, and desires you to make more show than is wise.

'Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the color of your house. Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun, and cause the edges of your boards to curl and split; and the white will look well but for a little while, and then become soiled, and need painting anew.'

'Now take my advice, and mix the black and white together.' So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes—and it made the very grey color which he liked, and had used before upon his house.

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground a hop-vine. He carefully gathered the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them, which refreshed him when he was warm and weary.

It had always twined about two poles which he had fastened in the earth, to give it support. But the cottager was fond of building—and he made a little arbor for it to run upon, and cluster about.

He painted the arbor grey. So the rock and the cottage, and the shed and the arbor, were all of the same grey color. And every thing round looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together, in their arbor, at the sunset of a summer's day.

A stranger who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired, how every thing round that small habitation happened to be the same shade of grey.

'It is very well it is so, said the cottager—for my wife and I, you see, are grey also. And we have lived so long, that the world itself looks old and grey to us now.'

Then he told him the story of the black and white paint—and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate ridiculous when he was young.

'I have thought of this circumstance,' said he, 'so often, that it has given me instruction. He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged

me to use the white was a friend. The advice of neither was good.

'Those who love us too well are blind to our faults—and those who dislike us, are not willing to see our virtues. One would make us all white—the other all black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the grey paint, made of opposite qualities.

'If, then, neither the council of our foes, nor of our partial friends, is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which like the grey paint, mixed both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good.'

From the New Orleans Picayune,

A Sudden Fortune.

A WORTHY old gentleman, with whom we happen to be acquainted, arrived in this city not long since, after having been absent several years.—When he left, he owned a lot of ground on which there was a small tenement, situated in a remote part of the city.

On his return, palaces and warehouses greeted him where there was nothing but open commons at the time of his departure.

'Come,' said the old gentleman to his companion—'I must show you my house and lot.'

They proceeded along the levee—'Ah! this is the street my house is on.' So they walked the requisite number of squares from the river. Instead of the vacant lot, it was all a continued succession of large, well-built edifices. At length, they stopped short. The old gentleman was breathless. 'Yes,' said he, 'this is where my lot was—and when I went away, my house stood right there, and the old woman that I left to take care of it is gone. There can't be any mistake. This is the place where my property stood.'

No wonder that he was bewildered. A gorgeous structure (one of the most splendid in the city) had been erected on the lot. On inquiry at the Recorder's Office, it was found that the present holder had no title to the soil—but on examining still farther back, the right of the returning absentee was distinctly shown.

As soon as the real owner was thus suddenly known, an offer was made to him of thirty-five thousand dollars for the property—but as this was not perhaps more than one tenth of its value, it was refused.

These facts, though they may appear mysterious, are known to many of our citizens. How the recent holder got possession, or what became of the old woman who was left as tenant—or what is intended to be done in future, we have not learned. The property, it is said, is now worth \$300,000—and yet the real owner has been wandering over the world, unacquainted with the extent of his wealth.

Stealing Fowls.

At Cambridge, some years ago, two or three students of the University had one night on foot, an expedition against the President's fowls. They proceeded with all imaginable caution to the roosts and in the first place seized upon Chanticleer, whose neck they wrung before he had time to cry murder. Besides being large and fat, they had another reason for making sure of him, viz: to avenge the oft committed crime of waking them too early in the morning. They next seized upon two fine pullets, and twisted their delicate necks without any signs of remorse.

They were proceeding in their rapine, when the remaining fowls, awakened from that sleep which had proved so fatal to their companions, began to cry 'kudaghkut! kudaghkut! kut, kut, kut, kudaghkut!' The noise brought out the President, who, coming pat upon the fowl assassins, said, 'Upon my word young gentleman, this is fine business, I've caught you in!' Not so very fine neither, thought the students; it will turn out a bad business before we get through with it. And whereupon they began to apologize, and to implore the clemency of the President; but all in vain. 'I must make an example of you.' 'But I will say no more at present. Call upon me to-morrow at one o'clock.'

The students took their leave, and the President took possession of the slaughtered fowls.—All night the culprits could think of nothing but their approaching doom. They dreamed of rustication, suspension and expulsion—wished that Chanticleer, pullets and all, were to Kamschatka, before they had meddled with them. They waited on the President according to his directions, and were received with extraordinary politeness. Not a word was mentioned of the night before. He conversed with them for some time on various topics: and they began to be impatient for the worst. At last rising with dignity, and leading the way, 'young gentlemen,' said he, 'walk into this room.' Now thought they, we shall have our sentence. The door opened and discovered to their view a table well set, and on it the very fowls whose necks they had wrung the night before. They were invited to take their seats at the board, and were bountifully helped to the nice bits of Chanticleer and the pullets. This, thought they, is too bad! confound the fellow's politeness! But the President urged them to eat; and finding them rather backward in doing justice to his viands, repeated his pressing invitation to take hold and spare not.

But the students felt more like a culprit with a rope round his neck, than like young gentlemen dining with the President of a college. And in fact they were in little less danger of choking than the noosed culprit; for the dinner, though exceedingly well cook-

ed, had a strange tendency to stick in their throats, and they could not help fancying all the while that they heard the appalling sounds of 'Kut, kut, kudaghkut! kudaghkut! kut, kut, kut, kudaghkut!' To make short the story, they were dismissed without any allusion to the last night's adventure, and thought themselves sufficiently punished for their folly.

A MAN named Death, still a resident of this state, formerly lived in this city.—Over the door of his store, was the sign of 'Rectified Whiskey,' and directly under that, his name 'Absalom Death.' An old lady from the country, with her son, a hearty lad, was one day quietly wending her way through the street in a wagon, when this sign caught her eye. 'Stop!—"Rectified Whiskey, ABSOLUTE DEATH." That's a fact! Jonny let me get out, there is one honest man in Cincinnati, I want to see what he looks like.'—*Cincinnati News.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman conducted a friend of his to the house of a lady of his acquaintance, and said to her as he entered the room, 'Madam, I present to you the Marquis of Gigot, who is not as silly as he looks.' Whereupon the Marquis answered immediately, 'That is the difference between this gentleman and myself.'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

R. J. K. Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Scholastic, C. H. N. Y. \$1.00; C. G. Gaylord's Bridge, Ct. \$1.00; J. W. New-Lebanon, N. Y. \$2.00; W. H. G. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; D. R. B. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$1.00; N. C. W. West Stockbridge, Ma. \$1.00; W. M. H. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; R. S. K. Palmyra, N. Y. \$0.81; J. M. G. Union Village, N. Y. \$2.00; J. V. B. Chicopee Falls, Ma. \$1.00; N. F. Parma Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. Hanover, N. H. \$13.00; P. M. Furnace, O. \$1.00; N. H. Sand Lake, N. Y. \$3.00; A. B. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; T. E. T. Wayne Ville, Ga. \$1.00; S. G. H. Otego, N. Y. \$1.00; J. N. Greenfield, Ma. \$1.00; J. S. Tyre, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. R. Franklin Mills, Ohio, \$3.00; M. M. & F. A. West Avon, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Elkhira, N. Y. \$1.00; C. E. T. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; J. S. T. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Freeman Miller to Miss Eliza Cookingham, both of Churchtown.

On the 1st inst. at Mellenville, by the same, Mr. James Pulver to Miss Sally Ann Stuppelbeen, both of Ghent.

On the 1st inst. in Smoky Hollow, by the same, Mr. Eliphaz Hoffman, of Claverack, to Miss Charity Oakly of Hudson.

At Canaan, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. Lester Church, to Miss Roby Perry, both of Great Barrington, Mass.

At Austerlitz, the 12th inst. by the same, Mr. Samuel Allis, of Canaan, to Miss Betsy Smith of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on Friday the 7th inst. Mr. William G. Dusenbury, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Susan B. Mitchell, in her 35th year.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Rhoda Strong, in her 37th year.

On the 12th inst. Mr. John Race, in his 66th year.

On the 13th inst. Mr. John Palmer, in his 59th year.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. Mary M. Clacher, in her 24th year.

On the 18th inst. Miriam Bunker, in her 87th year.

Very suddenly, on the 2d inst. in Claverack, Mr. Henry I. Anderson, aged 63 years.

At the residence of Peter Van Deusen, Esq. Livingston, on the 11th inst. Miss Mary Thong Livingston, daughter of Walter T. Livingston, aged 28 years.

At Richmond, Va. on the 4th inst. after a short illness, Walter S. Jenkins, son of the late Seth Jenkins, of this city, aged 20 years.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

When Shines the Star.

WHEN shines the star by thee loved best,
Upon those soft delicious eyes,
Lighting the ring dove to her nest,
Where tremblings stir the darkling leaves,
When flings the wave its crest of foam
Above the shadowy mantled seas,
A softness o'er my heart doth come
Linking thy memory with these;
For if, amid those orbs that roll,
Thou hast at times a thought of me,
For every one that stirs thy soul
A thousand stir my own of thee.

Even now thy dear remembered eyes,
Filled up with floods of radiant light,
Seem bending from the twilight skies
Outshining all the stars of night;
And thy young face divinely fair,
Like a bright cloud, seems melting thro',
While low sweet whispers fill the air
Making my own lips whisper too;
For never does the soft south wind
Steal o'er the hushed and lonely sea,
But it awakens in my mind
A thousand memories of thee.

Oh! could I, while these hours of dreams
Are gathering o'er the silent hills,
While every breeze a minstrel seems
And every leaf a harp that thrills,
Steal all unseen to some hushed place,
And, kneeling 'neath those burning orbs,
Forever gaze on thy sweet face
Till seeing every sense absorbs,
And singling out each blessed even
The star that earliest lights the sea,
Forget another shines in heaven,
While shines the one beloved by thee.

Lost one! companion of the blest,
Thou who in purer air dost dwell,
Ere froze the life-drops in thy breast
Or fled thy soul its mystic cell,
We passed on earth such hours of bliss
As none but kindred hearts can know,
And happy in a world like this,
But dreamed of that to which we go,
Till thou wert called in thy young years
To wander o'er that shoreless sea
Where like a mist, time disappears,
Melting into eternity.

I'm thinking of some sunny hours,
That shone out goldenly in June,
When birds were singing 'mong the flowers
With wild sweet voices all in tune,
When o'er thy locks of paly gold
Flowed thy transparent veil away,
Till 'neath each snow-white trembling fold
The Eden of thy bosom lay,
And sheltered 'neath its dark-fringed lid
Till raised from thence in girlish glee,
How modestly thy glance lay hid
From the fond glances bent on thee.

There are some hours that pass so soon,
Our spell-touched hearts scarce know they end,

And so it was with that sweet June
Ere thou wert lost my gentle friend!
Oh! how I'll watch each flower that closes
Through autumn's soft and breezy reign,
Till summer beams restore the roses
And merry June shall come again!
But ah! while floats its sunny hours
O'er fragrant shore and trembling sea,
Missing thy face among the flowers,
How my full heart will mourn for thee!

AMELIA.

From the Token and Souvenir for 1838.

The Fireside.

'WHAT gift have you brought to your own fireside?
'Twas a mother's voice that spake,—
'Without, the tempest doth fiercely chide,
But peace and joy shall within abide;
Oh cherish them for my sake.

A common stock is our happiness here;
Each heart must contribute its mite,
The bias to swell, or the pain to cheer;
Son and daughter and husband dear,
What will you add to-night?

Then the student-boy from the lettered page
Raised a bright thought-speaking eye;
That knowledge was there which doth gird the sage,
And kindle a flame 'mid the frost of age,
With light and majesty.

A blooming girl, like a rose on its stem,
Her bird-like carol poured;
Beauty and music their radiant gem
Shook from their sparkling diadem,
To swell the treasure-board.

Then a pale, sick child her guerdon brought,
'Twas the smile of patient trust,
For stern disease had a moral wrought,
And patient and pure was her chastened thought,
As a pearl by the rude sea nursed.

A fair babe woke in its cradle bed,
And clung to its mother's breast,
But soon to the knee of its sire it sped;
Love was its gift, and the angels said
That the baby's gift was best.

Then the father he spoke, with a grateful air,
Of the God whom his youth had known;
And the mother's sigh of tender care,
Rose up in the shape of winged prayer.
And was heard before the throne.

UNPUBLISHED POEM OF DRAKE.—The following poem, by the late John Rodman Drake, never before published, was written in the album of a lady of his acquaintance, and when the collection of his literary remains was made, his friends were not probably aware of its existence.—The reader will not fail to discover some characteristics of the author in the melody of the versification and the peculiar imagery employed.—V. Y. Eccl. Post.

Song at Sea.

SLEEP! Lady, sleep, the planets weep
Their star-dew on the midnight deep;
The moonlight beam, is on the stream,
To light the water-spirit's dream:
Oh, softly thus shall slumber shed
Her lulling dew around thy head;
And fancy's beamings sparkle nigh,
As brightly on the dreaming eye.

On favoring tides, the vessel glides,
The sea-fire sparkles round her sides,
And in the sail, the evening gale,
Is whispering low a soothing tale.

Yet, Lady, sleep, in visions sweet
A dream-scene thy gaze shall meet,
And while the tall ship slowly moves,
Thy heart shall fly to friends it loves.

But hark! the cry from the topmast high,
Its accents tell that land is nigh,
And dimly seen the headland green,
Is breaking through the midnight screen;
Then, Lady, wake, our home is nigh,
Ah! ne'er can rise on fancy's eye,
A spot beneath yon azure dome,
So lovely as the land of home!

From the Baptist Register.

Ode to a Musketoe.

LET youthful bards by Cupid's wine inspired,
In shallow numbers chant thy lovesick lays—
My Muse, by higher, nobler passions fired,
Her kindly influence lends to sing thy praise,
Musketoe, nature's sweetest chorister,
Whose music can the coldest bosom warm
With thrilling fires of ecstasy, and stir
The soul, and all its finer feelings charm.
Tho' others boast the powers of Orpheus' lyre,
Of taming tigers with its witching strains,—
Strains the leviathan doth so admire,
He leaves the ocean waves to dance on plains,
And oft about its texture hold dispute,
And say that poets' sinews were its strings,*
There silly vaunting I'll at once confute,
For it was made, Musketoe, of thy wings.

Sweet is the murmur of the gushing rill,
And sweet the whispers of the sighing gale!
Their symphonies the heart with pleasure fill
And make a rapture o'er the soul prevail;
Yet more delicious than the purling stream,
More charming than the zephyrs' notes appear,
Musketoe, thy transporting numbers seem,
When poured in melting, harmony upon the ear.

There's music in the distant torrent's roar,
The rolling thunder or the earthquake's crash;
There's music when upon the ocean shore,
In swelling pride, the billowy surges dash:
But not the torrent's roar, the earthquake's groan,
The muttering thunder, or the splashing surge;
Not e'en the midnight tempest's plaintive moan,
Can vie, Musketoe, with thy mournful dirge.

I love the lark's Aurora-hailing notes,
And robin's anthem to departing day!
While on the breeze their dulcet music floats,
All nature seems one universal lay,
And yet not those melodious warblings sweet,—
The matin chant, or twilight's soothing song,—
Divine Musketoe, can with thee compete,
Great leader of fair nature's minstrel throng.

RURAL BARD.

* 'Orpheus' lyre was strung with poet's sinews
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.'
SHAKESPEARE.

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